

# Good Morning \$54

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## L/T John Leafe, A.B. Walter Leafe Here's News from Your Home

HELLO there, Leading Telegraphist John Leafe, D.S.M., and brother Walter, from your Mother and Dad and all the family at 9 Birk Hill, Airedale, Yorks.

"Good Morning" found them resting in the living-room, your father enjoying his pipe and looking proudly at the framed message from the King announcing your distinguished service, John.

They are both well, and looking forward to seeing you soon. Walter has just had some leave, and spent a very enjoyable time at home.

We called at the Post Office to ask where your home was, and didn't find out until afterwards that we'd been talking to your young lady, Walter. Unfortunately, she'd gone when

we called back, but she's keeping fine.

Don't worry about Jean, John. She is happy in the A.T.S., and enjoying daily walks in Hyde Park. She's looking forward patiently to that "great event" due to take place as soon as you get home.

Edna, your sister, who's doing her bit in a munition factory, is quite well, and sends both of you her love. She had a grand wedding in the New Year, and Douglas, your brother-in-law, a grand lad, is looking after her.

Your mother asked us to tell you that the wireless is working fine, in spite of the fact that you both have a mania for taking it to pieces when you're home. It's bearing up manfully, and putting out the General Forces Programme (which you, too, can pick up, John) with great gusto.

Finally, your folks send this message: "Fondlest love to you two old salts; take care of yourselves; hope to see you soon. Best wishes. Mother and Dad."

Good Hunting, both of you!

## Thoughts for Sunday

'Tis sweet, as year by year  
we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith  
to muse  
How grows in paradise our  
store.

John Keble  
(1792-1866).

Earth is here so kind, that  
just tickle her with a hoe  
and she laughs with a har-  
vest.

Douglas Jerrold  
(1803-1857).

A foolish consistency is  
the hobgoblin of little minds,  
adored by little statesmen  
and philosophers and divines.

Emerson.

But what am I?  
An infant crying in the  
night:  
An infant crying for the  
light,  
And with no language but a  
cry.

Tennyson.

# Where Golden Hammer

"TO-DAY, at Sotheby's, a valuable . . ."

How often have you read a news item beginning in this manner? Many times, I have no doubt, for the famous auctioneers are always in the news. During the past few weeks there have been some most interesting sales, one of the best being the tiniest spoon in the world. It was one of the fittings in the agate and pinchbeck "necessaire" sent for sale by Lord Astor's eldest son, Lieutenant the Hon. W. W. Astor, M.P.

Mr. Astor also sold a number of richly jewelled or enamelled watches made for the Chinese market. Five of them realised £384, and included a rarity containing—AN OPIUM LAMP!

But then, during its long history Sotheby's have sold many unusual masterpieces, and are never surprised.

They have been in existence now for over two hundred years, and are the oldest firm of auctioneers in the country—possibly in the world. They have specialised, to a very great extent, in books, and collectors have been known to travel halfway across the world to attend one of their famous sales.

The secretary of Sotheby's, Mr. H. C. Rham, has been connected with the firm for thirty-two years, and is known all over the globe to collectors of the world's great books. As one would expect, he has a fund of interesting stories, but one of the best concerns the first time the trans-Atlantic telephone was used for auctioneering purposes.

In 1927, three months after the service had gone into operation, Mr. Rham, not hearing from a famous American collector, whom he knew was interested in certain items that were about to be auctioned, telephoned the man. And over the telephone, thousands of miles away, the collector was able to tell Mr. Rham what he was prepared to pay for certain books. Thus, for the first time, the trans-Atlantic 'phone was used by a bidder for valuable works.

Rare and valuable books, as records show, have for the most part been associated with Sotheby's, but in turning back the history of this firm which has become so much a part of our daily lives in Britain, one will find some most interesting facts concerning other works of art.

For example, the famous stained-glass panels from Ashbridge Chapel, which were presented eventually to the Victoria and Albert Museum, were sold for £27,000 in one of Sotheby's sales.

## Rules

(From Chris Gould)

So that the public might have an opportunity to study the wonderful colouring and judge for themselves the true value of the art, the panels were erected, as if in a chapel, with special lights behind to illuminate them.

Hardened buyers, with whom I have talked, tell me that this was one of the Sotheby's sights they will never forget.

They are a most interesting body of men who throng the famous auctioneering rooms of 34-35 New Bond Street, London, where Sotheby's offer for sale the always-valuable wares placed into their hands by clients who trust them just as much as would-be purchasers.

For the most part they are experienced buyers, who know for what specific article they will bid when they enter the rooms. Since the war, however, there have been several new faces, and you can be certain, immediately after the war, other new faces will join them.

There is always a great rush, after a war, to secure the most beautiful things, and many experts, with whom I talked are of the opinion that we shall see the greatest boom, in this direction, ever known when the present struggle has been concluded. And you can be sure that Sotheby's will attract some of the biggest buyers.

They did in 1919, the year they experienced their record day. Just before Christmas, 1919, they sold goods worth £110,000! Yet it is possible this figure will be beaten, for people, after four and a half years of war, are still interested in the beautiful things of life.

And Sotheby's, you can be sure, always supply the books and other works of art we all of us appreciate so much.

A great firm it is, as we should all know, part of the way of life we have been fighting to defend. But I very much doubt if Sam Baker, a bookseller, when he started the business way back in 1744, realised to what fame it was going to rise.

How did the organisation get its name? you ask. From John Sotheby, Baker's nephew, who joined the firm in 1778. Now the name is a household word not only in Britain, but in America, the Empire and Continent, where men meet to discuss books and works of art.

# Beneath The Surface

With Al Male

HOW often have you overheard someone say, "After THAT, my dear, I've positively finished with him. . . I simply could NOT forgive a thing like that. . . It is the end, as far as I am concerned?"

How often have you had something like that said to you . . . or said it yourself?

What reminded me of this was a conversation I was forced to listen to recently, in a bus . . . and was someone's character being shattered? Someone must surely have been the vilest person on earth.

At any rate, whether that unknown (to me) person was as black as he was painted I do not know, but I certainly do know that whatever "medals" he had previously earned, were by that time well and truly melted in the furnace of the former friend's fiery temper.

Of course, the person who was condemning, was obviously blameless.

People who condemn, usually are . . . IN THEIR OWN OPINION. People who condemn so vehemently, seldom consider any opinion, other than their own, worth listening to anyway.

In fact, maybe you've noticed that people who are so pig-headed about their own opinions are usually the type who have never ventured into the world, . . . never bumped up against temptation, yet profess to have a knowledge of life and to maintain a very high standard (moral) of living themselves.

Yet, they damn people's characters, and worse than that, they spread their poisonous criticism, and see to it that their victim is never given a chance to hold his head up, if they can possibly help it.

Now, in the first place, if a friendship is anything like true, it is obviously IN SPITE of the shortcomings of both parties, because no person can claim to be perfect, therefore the first ingredient must be understanding of both sides, which naturally should call for forgiveness on both sides.

No decent person deliberately lets down a friend . . . there is always a reason; and in most cases, a sensible explanation will remove all doubt and suspicion, and in all probability actually improve the friendship.

But, so many people jump to conclusions . . . they are always the injured party . . . that it is impossible to do anything without causing their suspicious minds to race ahead, and condemn, with the result that quite innocent acts are misinterpreted and the fat is well and truly in the fire.

Then, of course, there are the "staunch" friends (?) whose only condition of friendship (though they never admit it) is that THEY decide the actions of the other party . . . when everything is going as THEY plan it, they are extremely happy.

They mean well, undoubtedly, but they are possessive, and resent any suggestion of the other party doing something which he or she really wants to do, because it doesn't include THEM.

They never even allow the other party to have any time alone during which to read, or think or simply be themselves.

So the partnership becomes irksome, and when the victimised one decides to demand some freedom (even maybe only the freedom of being alone, the whole thing is misinterpreted and a fierce "Oh,

you don't want ME now," or "You're getting fed up with me," simply aggravates the situation instead of smoothing it out.

Just because one of the party simply will not try to understand the other.

Yet, every day, no doubt, the possessive one says the Lord's Prayer and repeats the lines, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us," thinking only of the forgiveness of their own sins (if they admit having any) without thinking of the fact that unless they themselves do a spot of forgiving, their own chances of being forgiven are hopeless.

You see, one can be quite serious and confess to having committed sins which require forgiveness, and yet not imagine that the other person is capable of wanting forgiveness too.

If YOU consider that at the time you committed a "sin" you thought you had a reason for doing it, surely the same applies to everybody else. And, another thing, perhaps what YOU consider a sin, may only be something which you do not agree with, because it is not what YOU wanted.

And also, since when were YOU promoted to the position of judge of other people?

There are obviously what we know as "dirty tricks," which cannot be encouraged, but the point is that if EVERYBODY had a decent code and everybody became a person claiming forgiveness as they themselves forgave, then we would get somewhere.

We'd understand the other person better, we'd deal more in square deals instead of crooked, and, instead of encouraging people to resort to any means to get a living, we would include our consideration of everything, so that no person would be forced (as some undoubtedly are) to work under conditions which produce hatred and a feeling of injustice; and no person would feel completely left out of things, as many are to-day.

It may seem a simple thing to say, "I'll NEVER forgive you," but it is the seed of a vicious plant whose tendrils choke and suffocate happiness.

As you spread the stories of your former friend, so his or her character is stained amongst more and more people, and the "crime" is multiplied and harder than ever to put right.

Christ said, "Forgive seventy times seven," and even on the Cross He said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." He lived the PERFECT life, yet He forgave those who did not.

We, alas, live an imperfect life and are so ready to condemn others.

All seems rather odd, doesn't it?

Cheerio, and Good Hunting.

Your letters are  
welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

## —and more Home Town News

### G.W.R. SALUTE.

IT was black-out in Plymouth, but the moon was up.

Shortly after midnight, a Wren who had just left duty was hurrying home from an establishment near the waterfront when out of the semi-darkness loomed a figure, a lot of gold distinguishable on his peaked cap.

The Wren braced herself up and came to a smart salute.

The salute was returned, but as she passed the girl heard a chuckle.

Then it was that she realised—the Navy had saluted the Great Western Railway!

### WATSONIANS' GIFT.

OLD WATSONIANS of Edinburgh and former pupils of Robert Gordon's College, Aberdeen, will be interested to learn that Mr. I. Graham Andrew has left Robert Gordon's to take up the headmastership of George Watson's College.

When leaving Aberdeen, Mr. Andrew was presented with a silver salver for "ten years of solid achievement" by the governors and staff of the college he was leaving.

### WILD WALES.

AYE, Mun, they breed 'em tough in Wild Wales. Just

look at Mr. Peter Johnson, Ddoulalt Farm, Ynysbwl. Seventy-eight years old is Peter.

At Aberdare Valley Horse Show he has just starred in "mounted musical chairs" and polo races. He gave all the young 'uns a run for their money. He was one of the last to be knocked out. That happened when he fell off the pony in trying to reach a "box" before his opponent.

Many lads would have been down for the count by such a fall. Peter just grunted, collected his horse, and got back into the saddle again. He is an ardent follower of the hounds, and is doing a fine job of work in Welsh war farming.





## The dog that was scared by sheep

(By Fred Kitchen)

THE young dog was over-keen at his work, so Shep had slipped a forepaw through his collar to curb his exuberance. There was nothing unusual or cruel in the method, and when the dog was released he seemed no worse for the treatment, but stood on his four legs, all eager to be off again.

"He'll steady down when he gets used to his work!" said Shep, and began there-with to talk on his pet subject—dogs.

"O' course, if a young dog gets i' the habit o' snappin', e's got to be cured quick, else he'll never make a good sheep-dog. And I allus fixes 'em a leg up if they're a bit keen, so's they never get near enough to the sheep to snap at 'em."

Shep paused, and then went on: "There's a quicker way, but I don't hold wi' it myself, and that is to fix a short bit o' wire round the dog's nose, leaving the ends stickin' up. When the dog snaps at a sheep, the bit o' wire catches i' the wool—it cures 'em o' snappin' all reet."

Shep shook his head. "Crool, tarrible crool, I call it. It were along o' that method that made me take to breakin' in my own dogs."

"It wer' my first place as married shepherd, and—though my ole feyther had set me up wi' a good dog—I fancied a younger one. And when I came across a good-bred pup I trained him alongside ole Ben."

"He were a likely young dog, but tarrible keen, and when he got i' the habit o' snappin' at their heels I didn't know fairly what to do with him."

"I mentioned it to the shepherd I'd got him off—how 'e were a good dog 'cept for that one fault—and the shepherd laughed, and said he'd soon cure him o' that trick if I'd a-mind to let him have the dog for a day or two."

"So I let him go, hopin' he'd come back cured o' sheep-bitin'."

"It wer' the second night arter the dog 'ed gone, and we'd just gone to bed, when there came a scratchin' noise at our back door."

"It wer' Jock come home,

and when we let 'im in he just lay down at the missus's feet and whined, for all the world like a bairn sobbin'."

"When I see'd the state of him nose I knew what had happened—though I'd ne'er suspected that man o' such tricks—and vowed I'd ne'er let nobody break in a dog o' mine no more."

"He weren't no more good for sheep arter that. I tried him and coaxed him all roads, but no—'e wouldn't have it. Seemed like 'e'd no confidence in hisself—like 'e wer' afraid o' doin' right for fear 'e should be doin' wrong."

"I wer' for gettin' rid o' him, but my missus had kind o' taken to him—we'd no family then, you see—and so we kep' him for a house-dog."

"Poor ole Jock," ended Shep, "we kep' him fifteen year, and when the childer began to run about he'd ha' laid down his life for any one o' 'em—but 'e always was skeered of a sheep."

## PETER PAN NOW PLAYS PICCOLO PETE

Says Andrew Slade of St. George, is now driving a tank.

William Brent, the rugged central figure of a Jagers war memorial, is with an A.R.P. Rescue Squad and gained a commendation for gallantry during the blitz.

AS SHE WAS. "September Morn," the picture of a young girl bathing ankle-deep in a mist-shrouded lake, hangs in thousands of homes. The artist sold the original picture for £2,000.

Few people know the identity of the girl who, at 16, posed

to Paul Chabas while he painted.

No one connected her with a middle-aged woman who arrived in New York last year as a refugee from the Nazis. The wife of a French industrialist, she now has a son serving under General de Gaulle.

Hanging in a Midlands art gallery is a famous picture of the Three Graces. A reporter recently set out to track them down, failed utterly with one, found that another had lost her life in a raid—and discovered the third selling cabbages from a barrow!

JUSTICE UNADORNED.

The statue of Justice in the Royal Exchange has the self-same face duplicated in the faces of the angels around the dome of St. Paul's, in three pictures that hang in the Tate Gallery; and a portrait of the same woman adorns the walls of Buckingham Palace.

Mary Lloyd was one of Lord Leighton's most famous models. For all that, when last in the news, she was said to be living in one room, willing to do odd jobs of housework.

Ten years ago, Dame Laura Knight's model, Eileen Mayo, was one of the most sought-after types in Chelsea, and is to be seen on scores of canvases.

To-day, the wife of a wealthy business man, she paints pictures herself in hours snatched from her war-time duties.

A few years ago Marguerite Salle had the distinction of no fewer than 32 portraits in one year's Academy show—and then she inherited a fortune.

Lucy Dean, the girl who posed for "Love Locked Out," married and lived happily ever after.

One of the girls who sat to Sir William Orpen eventually sold peanuts in the streets.

# TOXOPHILITES TRAINING

(From Martin Thornhill)

OUTDOOR sports are taken seriously by our cousins across the Atlantic, who have now conceived a passion for archery not surpassed since Sioux and Cherokee Indians drew bow against the paleface.

Many Americans prefer to hunt with bow and arrow than with rifle or shotgun. Recently they produced a real champion with the bow—one Howard Hill, a noted Alabama archer, who, it is claimed, can kill outright a charging mountain lion.

That, with a bow, is achievement enough, but the archer says he actually relies more happily on his steel-tipped arrows than on a repeater rifle. It is confidence well justified, for on one occasion Hill pierced with an arrow, felling it in its tracks, a huge brown bear which attacked him.

The Alabama champion has also found the steel-tipped arrow to be more effective than a rifle in penetrating water. With it he has slain alligators, sharks and water snakes at depths exceeding five feet, after finding a high-powered rifle useless beyond a depth of two.

With some bows and arrows to be specially made, Hill and his followers expect that it will be as safe and easy to hunt big game—elephant, rhinoceros, lion, hippopotamus—as they now hunt moose and wild boar.

But America is not the only scene of the revival of the ancient sport. Until the war put a temporary stop to it, several other countries included scores of thousands of enthusiasts.

In fact, the bow and arrow was staging a come-back which would have given Robin Hood a pleasing thrill could he have risen from his grave for a few fleeting moments to view it.

ARCHERS IN ARMOUR.

Bows, of course, go back to the Stone Age, but the Egyptians seem to have been the first people to use them as regular weapons of war. Up to little more than 100 years ago armies still included bowmen among their fighting men, for the last appearance of archers in warfare was not until 1807, when 1,500 Baskiers, or horse-archers, clad in chain armour, fought against Napoleon in Poland.

Until then, both in sport and war, the bow was the prince of arms. In fact, archery was an essential item in the educational equipment of every young man who wished to cut a con-

spicuously masculine figure in life.

Heroes of romance were praised for their skill with the bow. If a man was "a good archer," that was quite enough to still most critics' tongues.

Nor was the sport restricted to the men. Women played, too, though special rules were framed for their benefit. The deer, confined in large enclosures, were driven in succession from the covers to the stands, whence the fair Dianas took pot-shots at the beasts without the bother of rousing and pursuing them.

When firearms ousted the bow in warfare, the practice of archery, even as a sport, waned, only to be revived after a short interval. "Shooting at the popinjay," a painted wooden bird, was one of several forms in which the pastime came back in the last half of the 19th century, to remain to this day.

GAY POPINJAYS.

If you have been in France, you will have noticed outside some towns, notably Calais and Boulogne, long poles with graduating strands of wire strung at right angles. On these wires, when the archery meetings take place, are fixed imitation birds—the popinjays—decked with gay ribbons.

The competitors' aim is to dislodge first the topmost, then the next, and so on down the scale to the bottom birds. Awards go to the marksmen in proportion to the value of the mock birds which they succeed in unseating.

The sport is popular in Belgium, too, where it takes the same form as in France, except that a sort of penthouse erected round the pole regulates the distance at which contestants must stand.

British enthusiasts hold archery strictly as a field sport. Years ago crowded meetings were held under Royal patronage in Finsbury Fields, when they really were fields, on the site of what is now the Artillery Ground.

Men of Shoreditch seem to have been the most consistent champions, giving rise to the custom of rewarding the best archer with the king-bestowed title of Duke of Shoreditch.

But London had some keen competitors in the North, where the sport was given national status by the inauguration of regular, strongly attended National Archery meetings in York.

FIRST PRIZE, A MUFFLER.

Scottish folk were even more enthusiastic. Until about the end of the 19th century, Scots bowmen were still shooting against one another at the "papingo," which was fixed like a weathercock at the top of the nearest abbey tower.

Anyone who brought it down—and it was no mean feat—was awarded a "benn," or muffler, for the simplest prizes gave satisfaction in the days when money was tight and values high.

Now, once again, this fine old sport is coming back. There are scores of archery clubs in Britain, and their members are every bit as keen on their sport as footballers and cricketers are on theirs.

Subscription fees are generally moderate, and the essential equipment costs little. Indeed, archery has much to recommend it to both men and women lovers of sport and the outdoors.

To draw a bow in the approved manner bespeaks a poise, suppleness and grace of movement which are attributes of few other sports. It encourages the team sense, and, best of all, provides thrills which rival, even surpass, those of other sports which feature marksmanship with arms.

Footnote: Followers of archery are called toxophilites.

## Some Photo- News and Tips from George Nixon

THE war has resulted in a greatly increased demand for miniature cameras of all kinds. One of the reasons for this is that miniature films, especially 35mm. size, are still fairly plentiful. This has resulted in many photographers changing over to the miniatures who otherwise might not have done so. As the supply of new instruments is almost exhausted, the only alternative is to purchase second-hand equipment.

Anything less than 100 per cent. efficiency in these precision instruments will probably prove troublesome later, so I must strongly advise you to execute extreme caution in deciding to buy a second-hand camera.

I offer the following suggestions to all prospective purchasers.

1. Accurate exposures should be made at carefully measured distances, and at the focal point some sharply defined object should be placed. The test should include several points marked on the focussing scale, such as six feet, ten feet, fifteen feet, twenty-five feet, and infinity.

The nearest of these distances should be carefully checked with a tape-measure, and also with the coupled range-finder, if the camera is so equipped.

2. The lens should be used at its largest aperture for the previous test.

3. The camera should be supported by a tripod. This will eliminate any camera-shake.

4. One or two subjects should be taken against the light, such as a sunset scene.

ELUSIVE GARBO.

A girl who worked in the hat section of a big department store refused to pose to artists, but day after day an artist visited the store in an attempt to catch her beauty for a plaque he was designing.

Before he could finish the job the girl disappeared; and he learned that she had "taken up acting."

To-day the plaque duly adorns Stockholm's lovely town hall. The girl was Greta Garbo. . .

This will prove whether the lens can deal with difficult lighting conditions.

5. Special attention should be paid to all moving parts such as struts, trellis-bars and shutter releases which work from the camera-body.

DO not be put off by a

bloomed lens, as this has absolutely no effect on its efficiency. As a matter of fact, in many ways it improves its definition. Care should be taken, however, to look for any abrasion marks; if serious, these marks will cause the lens to yield a soft image which will lack brilliancy.

A few months ago, I am unhappy to say, I bought a "pig in a poke." The camera was a Super Ikonta (made in Germany), and it really did appear to me to be perfect. I tested it, as I have previously suggested you should do, and developed the film. It was at this stage that I made my fatal mistake. I very stupidly took the negatives at their face value; these appeared to be quite good.

However, later, when I had these negatives enlarged to ten-by-eight size, I found that the bottom part of the film was out of focus, although the top was perfectly sharp. This, I discovered, was caused by the front of the camera being out of parallel with the back.

The kind gent who sold me this "pup" of course refused to refund my money (the amount, by the way, was quite considerable), so I made the best of a bad job and took it along to a well-known camera repairer, who assured me that he would put the matter right. After waiting several weeks he returned the camera to me with a nice fat bill, which I accepted and paid.

Well, this piece of German ingenuity worked quite well for about a month, then went wrong again. From that time onwards my beautiful little miniature camera has been in and out of the repair shops more often than I have visited the "local."

So you see, chums, even professionals slip up occasionally, so please watch your step if you are considering paying a fabulous price for a second-hand camera.

## PUZZLE CORNER

1						
2						
3						
4						
5						
6						
7						

R	A	V	E	S
T	R	I	C	K
L	U	C	I	D
L	A	T	H	E
A	L	O	U	D
A	R	R	A	Y
C	O	Y	L	Y

Solution to Puzzle in S53.

4. Utmost extent.

5. Highways.

6. A Continental city renowned for gaiety.

7. Stretches of water surrounded by land.

When you have filled in the missing words according to the clues given below, you will find that the centre column down gives you the name of one of the occupied countries.

1. Fashions, methods.
2. Runs away.
3. Vocal music.



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

THE re-drawing of the atlas at the peace table will have a more than common interest for the stamp collector. New states will come into being, some of the old ones will pass away. We can only guess what changes the new world map will show, but we know that some stamp-issuing countries will have gone into oblivion and their stamps become obsolete.

Intelligent anticipation of these changes might prove very profitable to the collector. Now is the time for him to revise his ideas about what is worth buying. Issues of such countries as the

Baltic States and certain Pacific Islands held by Japan, which few of us have troubled about hitherto, may one day command big prices.

A few pointers on the post-war set-up and its effect on stamp-collecting made by a Political Correspondent in the "Stamp Magazine" are worth quoting.

The constitutional changes in the Soviet Union just announced (he writes) may bring some old names—Ukraine, Georgia, Azerbaijan, etc.—back into the stamp album. Hitherto the outside world has tended to take the autonomy of the separate republics of the Union as window-dressing, but the degree of autonomy now granted includes separate Foreign Offices (with power to sign treaties), national armies, and nominally, at any rate, a right to secede. This takes them half-way to the status of the British Dominions.

Since Mr. Molotov spoke of the liberation of the occupied republics, including Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, it is clear that the U.S.S.R. has no intention of giving up the Baltic stamps, but the new status may enable them to re-issue stamps of their own.

Moldavia was also mentioned by Mr. Molotov, which is the Russian name for Bessarabia. It does not necessarily mean that Russia claims that part of old Rumania formerly the Turkish province of Moldavia. That province, it will be remembered, issued during its period of semi-independence the famous and now valuable Moldavian "bulls."

In the Pacific, American forces have invaded the Marshall Islands, the ex-German colony which has been under Japanese mandate since 1919. American public opinion is already talking of the acquisition of new bases in the peace settlement, and I predict that the mandate for the Marshalls, and perhaps the Carolines as well, will be transferred to the U.S.A.

An alternative plan, rather more difficult to execute, was foreshadowed in the recent Australian-New Zealand talks. This would pool all the small islands north of these Dominions in a Condominium under Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain and the U.S.A. It is, of course, post-war air transport, and not merely war strategy, which gives these islands their importance.

I have just seen an airmail cover bearing current Ned. Indies' stamps and postmarked from Merauke, the capital, last October.

Unexpectedly smooth progress has marked the Arab federation talks in Cairo. The Christian Lebanese are willing to join the pan-Arab front. Any close union of the Arab states does not seem quickly possible, but we may see some commemorative issues like those of the Balkan Entente to mark their new solidarity.

What does seem nearer (concludes the Correspondent) is a Greater Syria federation of Syria, Latakia and Lebanon.

You may have other views about the post-war set-up, and I hope they result in some good investments.

The definitives issued recently by the Free French Administration for Reunion are now on the market, and the 2-franc value (black) is illustrated here. The design shows island produce, and in style is a break-away from the long series of France Libre stamps of the last two years. The set of fourteen values, from 5c. to 20f., is photogravure-printed and unwatermarked, and the perforation is 14½ by 14.

The 5c. Argentine pictorial was issued on December 11 last, in commemoration of Export Day, and pictures the port of Buenos Aires in 1800. It is coloured grey-black. The quantity printed was 20,000,000. Three values, 5c. red, 15c. green, and 20c. dark blue, were issued of the commemorative, marking the change of political organisation in Argentina last June. To the arms of the country is appended the inscription, "Honesty, Justice, Duty."





# Good Morning **The Weaker Sex**

